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THE

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JOSEF HEROLD, L. L. D.

Dr. Eduard Grégr and Dr. Josef Herold are universally acknowledged to be the greatest orators of the Young Chekh party. While Grégr is more impassionate, impetuous and vehement in his delivery, Dr. Herold's speeches are, on the contrary, marked by a certain aristocratic moderation, and the enemies of Bohemia themselves listen to him with greater attention. In the parliamentary war against the infamous Austro-Bohemian "settlement," proposed in 1889-1890, Dr. Herold has proved himself to be one of the stanchest defenders of the autonomy of Bohemia. Everywhere he vigorously opposed the "settlement": in the Parliament, in the committees, and in numerous political meetings, until it was finally defeated. Dr. Herold is presently practicing law in the city of Vinohrady, and is a member of both the Diet and the Parliament. He was born in 1850.

THE BOHEMIAN VOICE.

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The editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by contributors.

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Chicago has five Bohemian candidates for the state legislature, three on the democratic, and two on the republican ticket.

* * *

The editor of the VOICE, Mr. J. J. Krai, has accepted an editorial position on the "*Slavie*", the oldest Bohemian paper in the United States, and has removed to Racine, Wisconsin.

* * *

Now that the Ethnological Exhibition for 1895 is a certainty, the interest of the Bohemians of this country in that enterprise will surely increase. The Bohemians of Chicago are making preparations for a representative exhibit at Prague and invite co-operation. In our next issue we hope to be able to report substantial progress.

* * *

During the one year's existence of the state of siege at Prague, the special tribunals have sentenced various persons to varying terms of imprisonment aggregating more than 200 years, of which 96½ years is the share of the unhappy boys, whom the watchful governmental organs declared to be members of an imaginary society called the Omladina (Young Men). This is a fair record even for an Austrian criminal court.

Since the thirteenth of the last month Prague again has jury trials. With the declaration of the state of siege at Prague a year ago (Sep. 13, 1893), the right to a trial by jury was taken away, though but for a year, the fundamental state law not allowing any longer suspension at any one time. The state of siege, however, has not been revoked. All criminal prosecutions begun prior to September 13th will be conducted before the special tribunals without juries.

* * *

The Austro-Hungarian delegations (the joint ministry of the two parts of the empire) have met at Buda Pesth. The joint budget for 1895 calls for 149,379,913 fl., four million more than that of the last year. Of this sum, 47,539,720fl. will be covered by the surplus of last year's customs duties, the rest, nearly 102 million florins, will have to be raised by taxation. Of the big sum the Austrian half of the monarchy will, as usual, have to pay the larger portion, to-wit: 69,000,000 florins.

* * *

The exports from the United States to Austria Hungary are of little account at present. They consist, for the most part, of raw materials, machinery and hardware. The reason for this is mainly the high protective tariff of Austria. With a duty, for instance, of 40 florins per 100 kilograms of canned fruits and from 94 to 300 florins per 100 kilograms of cotton goods, it is impossible, or, at least, very difficult for American manufacturers to compete in the Austrian markets. Hardly anything under the head of dry goods or groceries are sent, and no liquids, with the exception of petroleum. Petroleum seems to be shipped entirely to the satisfaction of the importers.

U. S. CONSULAR REPORTS.

* * *

The committee in charge of the proposed Ethnological Exhibition at Prague have announced that the exhibition will not on any account be postponed, but will surely take place in 1895. This authoritative announcement has been thought necessary in view of the fact. that certain journals had expressed doubts as to the probable fate of the exhibition, intimating that it might not be held after all, owing to the displeasure felt by the emperor at the alleged non-loyal action of the directors, in not selecting any member of the imperial family for protector of the exhibition, as has always been the custom. However, the committee could not consistently have acted otherwise, while the people of Bohemia were in opposition to the goverment. Francis Joseph has repeatedly slighted the Bohemians—now let him take a dose of his own medicine.

* * *

Among the recent French publications we note a considerable number of works on Slavonic matters. Most of these are naturally devoted to Russia though now and then one also finds books treating of Bohemia. This time we are able to report the publication of the *Ballades et chansons populaires tchéques et bulgares* par *Achille Millien* (Popular Ballads and Folksongs of Bohemia and Bulgaria, by Achille Millien), published by Alphonse Lemerre,

Paris, 1894. *La Nouvelle Revue* of Sep. 1, 1894, says of the book:

"The Slavs are said to possess an instinctive passion for dancing and singing. Their popular poetry is unusually rich in love songs full of grace and delicacy. M. Achille Millien has well preserved the sentiment and originality of those curious compositions in his elegant translations."

VOJTA NÁPRSTEK.

In Vojta Náprstek Bohemia has lost one of her most noble-minded sons, her Franklin and Peabody in one person, we might say. Like the renowned Philadelphian, Náprstek was an enthusiastic friend of liberty, possessing at the same time, a keen insight into the practical needs of the people. As a young man of 22 and a University student at Vienna, he took part in the revolution of 1848. Having been consequently banished from the country, he fled to the United States, where for a decade he breathed the air of political and religious freedom, both of which he championed earnestly in all his life. Here both his brain and muscle were severely tested in the struggle for existence. Náprstek shunned no honorable work, and he stood the test well. After many vicissitudes he established himself at Milwaukee, as a bookseller and publisher of a German journal, the *Flugblätter*, disseminating those liberal notions, which he has ever been known to cherish and propagate. Advocating, at a mass-meeting of Bohemian-Americans near Manitowoc, Wis., the election of John C. Frémont in 1856, he thus aided in the establishment of the first Bohemian journal (republican) in this country. With a rich store of information, Náprstek returned to his native land in 1858, and all his doings since that time have been characterized by an unusual zeal for the common good—for Náprstek was a liberal, public-spirited man, if there ever was one. He first became noted for his many public lectures, in which he advocated woman's rights: he always took sides with the oppressed.

In his public spirit and his practical instincts, Náprstek was an American—he was always proud of his American citizenship—but his heart was a true Bohemian's heart. The only ambition he knew was to work and labor for the common good of his fellowmen and his country. The industrial Museum and the Library established by him will be two lasting monuments of his name. He had long cherished the idea of establishing, at Prague, an industrial museum, patterned somewhat after that of Kensington. For years he had labored, travelled and gathered material—while in the United States, he corresponded with 225 Americans (of whom 45 were women) on the subject—until at last he saw his plans fulfilled. The museum has fine quarters in a spacious building, which Náprstek has generously donated to the city of Prague. The Industrial Museum has become a great school, teeming with instructive object lesson and many an important reform and new departure in the industrial world has made its way into Bohemia through that institution.

Náprstek was a thorough democrat, a man of unaffected manners, independent in everything. In political life he stood alone among his contemporaries. In the sixties, he naturally joined the friends of his youth, Palacký, Rieger and Brauner. In 1863 he was elected to the Diet by the district of Lomnice and Nová Paka; his home then became a meeting place for the deputies, who held here many an important consultation. However, when in the seventies, the dissensions between the Young and the Old Chekh parties became too pronounced, Náprstek retired from the turmoil of political life. Still he retained the esteem and the highest respect of every Bohemian, irrespective of party. There was only one faction that heaped calumy upon him: the clericals, who could not forgive him that he had abandoned the Catholic church, that he had been married by a civil officer, and in his will had made a provision for the cremation of his body without any religious rites whatever. We understand the indignation of the Catholic Clergy, but still we believe they ought to allow everybody else what they demand for themselves: freedom of opinion.

Náprstek sincerely welcomed to his house every one that would bring to Bohemia the fruitful knowledge of foreign lands and customs, and thus he became a patron of all great Bohemian travelers like Dr. Holub, Dr. Stecker, Feistmantel, Kořenský and Vráz. He particularly admired the Orient, and the collection of books on Oriental matters, now in his library, is the most complete one in Bohemia. His library he loved no less than the Industrial Museum. He considered it a necessity—not a luxury. His best energies have been devoted to his home, the golden Prague, which he made his heir. He never refused his aid and always gave his hearty support to the weak and oppressed. Truly, a noble man was he!

THE SITUATION IN BOHEMIA.

Were we to describe the general situation in Bohemia in as few words as possible, we should say: good crops, state of siege at Prague, opposition to the government and growth of socialism.

The Austrian government seems to loose sight of its true mission, whenever it has to deal with the people of Bohemia. In our judgment, and in the judgment of all civilized men, the only duty of a government is to protect its citizens in the enjoyment of life, liberty and property; the Austrian government, however, bestows unduly favors upon some nationalities (the Germans, Poles and Italians), while it tramples upon the rights of others, the Bohemians, Slovenes and Russians. The new coalition ministry is particularly determined in its zeal to crush the "rebellious" Bohemians, who have courage enough to demand equal rights with others.

The state of siege at Prague, which was declared over a year ago (Sept. 13, 1893), has been continued with unrelenting severity, and the indications are, that the governmental edict, by which that warlike measure has been enacted, will not be revoked until after the coming elections; in the shade of the bayonet the government hopes to secure the election of some of its partisans, in spite of the people's opposition. For the sake of justice we hope that the unrighteous schemes of the government will fail this time.

The continuation of the state of siege at Prague has all along been a violation of the law. It is in one of the three exceptional cases only, that the law of Austria allows the maintenance of the state of siege, to-wit: 1. In time of war. 2. During internal commotions. 3. When frequent treasonable conspiracies or disturbances of the peace menace the security of the state. The state of siege the government has sought to justify by pretending, that there were treasonable conspiracies formed by the young people of Prague, as evidenced in the trial of the Omladina. The trial did not disclose any conspiracy at all, but the state of siege has been continued. Even if we grant, that there were sufficient reasons, then for the enactment, still there are no reasons why the state of siege should be continued. None of the conditions enumerated in the statue does exist now at Prague. There is no war, no internal commotions—the people of Prague are as peaceful as can be desired—and yet the government, arbitrarily deprives them of most of their rights of citizenship, takes away the trial by jury and places the city and its surroundings under a régime suitable for war, but not for peace. There must really be something rotten in a government which has to resort to like unlawful measures in time of peace!

Meanwhile the opposition of the Bohemian people to the present government continues in full vigor, and, notwithstanding the repeated efforts of the government to crush it by all means, whether lawful or not, it has not abated a whit. If the oppressive measures of the government have had any effect upon the people of Bohemia, it has been to strengthen the spirit of opposition, as we may rightly judge from the growth of the new radical party.

It is true the new party has not been organized yet,and has no representatives in the Diet or Reichsrath; it is, nevertheless, a significant fact that the radical element of the Young Chekh party is gaining strength. The origin of the new party, whose adherents style themselves "progressists," is traced to a political speech of Dr. Thomas Garrick Masaryk, professor of philosophy at the University of Prague and an ex-member of the Reichsrath. The learned gentleman expressed himself to the effect, that it was high time for the radicals to organize into an independent party, with a program broader than that of the Young Chekhs. It is curious to note, that the new party numbers university students among its foremost members. While German students are devotees of chauvinism, their Slavonic colleagues (Russians, Bohemians) are zealous students of industrial and social problems. The new party naturally has numerous adherents among the young people generally—who is not hopeful and sanguine when blood runs fast?—and it includes likewise all workingmen, who have not thrown off allegiance to Bohemia, and whose cause the new party professes to espouse.

In its platform the progressist party declares itself in favor of a personal union between Bohemia and the rest of the Austrian countries, for complete separation of church and state, for equal rights of women in schools, politics and the social world, and for state socialism, that is, for eight hour work, universal minimum wages, universal suffrage, secret ballot, etc. This program is evidently much more comprehensive, than that of the Young Chekhs, whose leading idea is that of the historical rights of the Bohemian state, the independence of which to secure is their chief aim and object. They do not propose to consider the other problems we have enumerated, until they shall have

secured Bohemia an independent position among the Austrian states, when they hope to be able to cope with other pressing questions of the day. The progressist program bears a striking resemblance to that of the European social democracy. Its authors, however, including Professor Masaryk and others, are all very wealthy men, and the socialism of rich men cannot be considered dangerous.

The growth of the radical party alarmed the ever watchful clericals. In order to counteract the effects of the democratic movement in Bohemia, they arranged what they were pleased to called a "convention of Bohemian Slavonian Catholics" at Brno (Brünn), July 31st, August 1st and 2nd. The convention was not called in the interest of religion or morality, as one would naturally suppose: on the contrary, the delegates gave their time and attention wholly to politics. It was a significant fact that the convention was planned, not by the people or the clergy of Moravia, but by a few high ecclesiastics, assisted by feudal nobles, like the Counts Belcredi and Schoenborn, endeavoring to force the coalition program upon the people of Moravia. Happily, the convention was a flat failure: the people can no longer be made believe, that the clergy and the nobility are its friends.

The indications are, in general, that the people of Bohemian countries will endorse and re-elect all of their representatives now in the opposition, and no insidious whisperings of the nobles, or the ecclesiastical princes, will persuade them to desert the standard of home rule.

THE FUNDAMENTAL ARTICLES.

(CONCLUDED.)

It seemed now as if the Bohemians were at last to see their hopes fulfilled, and to secure homerule and comparative independence for their country. However, the sworn enemies of Bohemian freedom were not idle, and strained their every nerve in order to defeat the new constitutional measures. When the Articles were made public, the journals of Vienna raised a storm, pretending to guard the unity of the empire; Austrian diplomatists who favored the rule of the German minority, were enraged to see Bohemia become a country of equal rights. The enemies of Bohemia looked first for allies; the ex-minister Giskra went to Budapesth to seek the aid of the Magyars; in the Diets of Cisleithania (with the exception of the Tyrol) the German deputies denounced the Fundamental Articles; and even the influence of Berlin was brought to bear upon the emperor and his councilors—an unheard-of, unwarranted interference of one country in the internal affairs of another. Both the count Beust, chancellor of the empire, and the count Andrassy, the Hungarian premier, strove with might and main to thwart the autonomist plans of the Hohenwart ministry.

The emperor then called together the Grand Council of the Crown, in which all the three ministries (Austrian, Hungarian and Imperial)were represented; the meeting, presided over by the emperor himself, declared the Fundamental Articles to be "dangerous", as threatening the safety of the empire, and the Bohemians were to be peremptorily asked to give up the Articles and submit the rights of the Bohemian Crown to the decision of the Reichsrath. Rieger and Clam-Martinic were again called to Vienna and the proposition made to them. It was indignantly refused. On the 30th of October the emperor laid before Hohenwart a new rescript' which virtually annulled that of Sep. 12th; Hohenwart refused to sign it and at once resigned his office, along with all his colleagues except Holzgethan. To the amazement of the nation, all its hopes were frustrated at one blow at the very moment when every one expected, that all the rightful demands of the Bohemian people would be granted!

A new imperial rescript was read to the Diet on November 4th. A committee of thirty prepared an answer, which was read Nov. 8th by the prince Charles Schwarzenberg. It said: "Having in mind the fact, that the constitutional status of Bohemia as a state has been recognized, and believing that the independent position of this Kingdom excludes all interference on the part of any other legislative body, the Diet declares that it will maintain its opinion as to the independence of the Kingdom of Bohemia in a federation of Austrian states: to wit, that its constitutional status cannot be determined in any other way, but by *a compact between the Diet and the legal king*, and for this reason the Diet will refuse to elect any representatives to the Austrian Reichsrath." This proposed answer was unanimously passed as presented, and the government immediately dissolved the Diet. At the same time the Count Chotek resigned his office of Land Captain (Statthalter).

In Moravia, too, in 1871 the Bohemian national party had secured a majority in the Diet and publicly expressed its approval of the Fundamental Articles. The Moravian Diet also demanded the appointment of a chancellor for the Bohemian

Crownlands. When the Fundamental Articles were defeated, the Moravian Diet was dissolved.

Prince Adolph Auersperg, the new premier, and his colleagues who were all in favor of continuing the old iniquitons system, refused to consider any reform of the electoral law, or any laws for the protection of nationalities, and all negotiations concerning the Fundamental Articles were dropped. The infamous Gen. Koller was again appointed Land Captain in Bohemia, and in December, 1871, direct elections for the Reichsrath were held. In Bohemia the autonomists were all returned by their electors; and all of them refused to attend the sessions of the Reichsrath. Only the German minority representatives went to Vienna. The Moravian Bohemians withdrew from their Diet.

It is difficult to describe the impression which the final defeat of the Fundamental Articles made upon the Bohemian people. It was the most bitter disappointment they had experienced ever since 1848. No one who had been a careful student of affairs, could fail to notice the peculiar fact that the Austrian government was disposed to treat with the Bohemians in such cases only, when it was in imminent peril itself and needed their aid. Then, and only then, the government would make alluring promises and flattering offers to the people of Bohemia; but as soon as the danger would pass away, all those "irrevocable" promises would invariably be broken. Only one hope was left to the Bohemians: war. Not that they would have expected relief through a change of allegiance—but they expected that the government would surely call upon "the ever faithful Bohemians," and this time they hoped to sell their aid at a high price. The war did not take place, and the parliamentary war is still raging.

THE JEWS OF BOHEMIA.

We have never sympathized with persecution, religious or political, and we never will. While disregarding differences of creed and nationality, we are however still bound to distinguish between friends and foes, and we shall always uphold the former and combat the latter. Bohemia of the present has but few friends, and the Jews of Bohemia, we regret to say, are not found among them. It is true there are some notable exceptions—we appreciate the labors of the Or Tomid—yet these exceptions are so few, that they merely prove the rule. We have gathered some interesting facts and figures which fully sustain our views.

The matter deserves more than a passing notice. The position of Bohemia is such, as to call for the assiduous labors of every true son of his country, and it is a matter of no small moment that in the very heart of Bohemia there should be found thousands of men siding with Bohemia's enemies and ever ready to support them.

The German minority—and notedly the manufacturers of northern Bohemia—seem to be bent upon a gradual Germanization of Bohemia. and by threats or bribes force children of Bohemian workmen, dependant on them, into German schools, unmindful of the sad truth that they are thus bringing up a race of proletarians without nationality and without principle, among whom anarchy finds willing recruits. And in that unhallowed undertaking the German finds in the Jew a ready accomplice.

It would be folly on our part to shut our eyes to the fact that the Germans and the Jews practically control the money market of Bohemia and that they hold the most lucrative industrial establishments whereas the Bohemians are mostly, though not exclusively, landowners. The enormous power, which the Jews hold in the financial markets of Europe, is due to their skillful use of moveable capital in an economic evolution of two thousand years. Their increasing wealth gives them considerable influence in politics, though at the same time it strengthens the feeling of enmity towards them among the working classes, as the Jewish barons, as a rule neglect their social duties towards them. Such is their position in most countries—such it is in Bohemia. If there be any ill-feeling against them among the people of Bohemia, it is wholly due to their associating with the enemies of Bohemia. In his great geographical work M. Élisée Reclus thus sums up the situation:

"They (the Bohemians) generally hate the Jews in whom they see allies of their enemies, the Germans. With very rare exceptions the Jews really belong to the German party. . . All speak both languages but it is the German that is the more useful to them, and for that reason they employ it among themselves. If war should break out and they should naturally join the Germans, their participation in the struggle of the races would be most important as they number over 170,000 in Bohemia and Moravia." The French geographer evidently appreciates their importance correctly.

In 1890 there were, according to the official census, 94,479 Jews in Bohemia, most of whom resided in Bohemian districts, among Bohemian people, and yet only 48 per cent of them declared themselves to be Bohemians. In purely Bohemian districts the percentage was 77, in those over-

whelmingly German, 1.8, in counties with a mixed population, 34. Their position in the capital, the golden Prague, furnishes a striking illustration of their enmity towards everything Bohemian. According to the census of 1889. Prague has 304,000 inhabitants and is 52nd among the largest cities of the world. The "city" alone had, in 1890, 182,530 inhabitants among whom but 15,790 Germans wese found, Prague being a Slavonic city with purely Bohemian surroundings, and situated in the heart of the country. Of the fifteen thousand Germans, however, fully 13.951 were Jews, leaving merely 1839 genuine Germans in Prague. The German Casino at Prague, which is the headquarters for the sworn enemies of Bohemia, could not exist if it were not for Hebrew patronage—it numbers about a thousand Jews among its members! In all, Prague has 19,203 Jewish inhabitants of whom 5,252 only admit their Bohemian origin, the rest are all "Germans" and bitter enemies of Bohemia, though they live among Bohemian people and fatten upon that people's toil.

The Jews furnish the Germans of Bohemia with unprincipled journalists who delight in slandering and calumniating Bohemia and misrepresenting in foreign journals the aspiration of her people, in order to prejudice the cause of Bohemia, by averting foreign sympathies. Cablegrams, which the Associated Press receives from Jewish information bureaux, speak in slighting terms of the autonomist policy of the Bohemian statesmen and their persistent efforts to secure homerule for Bohemia; they misrepresent the political aspirations of Bohemia, as if the latter did really spring from race animosity and hatred. These misrepresentations are well calculated to alienate from the Bohemian people all foreign sympathy, that might, otherwise be extended to them. If a Pilsen Jew has a fistic encounter with an army official, whom he has provoked himself, the occurance is at once telepraphed and cabled to all parts of the world and described as "a brutal army outrage"—as we have recently seen in the case of Lieutenant Iskalowits —whereas, if anything of importance happens in the struggle for Bohemian homerule, the cable is either discreetly silent, or disposes of the matter in as few words as possible. Whenever the Austrian government enacts a new oppressive measure, which is particularly anti Bohemian, the Hebrew correspondent fairly bobs with joy, which he makes no attempts to conceal in his dispatches. We remember an infamous cablegram, that came after the declaration of the of state seige at Prague. It was headed "The Czechs Thoroughly Cowed", and the wording of that short epistle was such, as to clearly betray the half-suppressed feeling of joy, experienced by the correspondent, rejoicing that the Czechs had been "thoroughly cowed" by the oppressive measures of the government. It is to these misinformations, that we owe the unnatural spectacle of American journals taking sides with the tyrant (the Austrian Government) against the people (of Bohemia).

The Jewish bankers lend financial aid to all Germanizing projects, directed against the people of Bohemia. The Jews have been and are the chief actors in the infamous chabrus (conspiracy to prevent fair bidding at execution sales of real estate, so as to secure Bohemian estates far below actual value). They establish German schools in purely Bohemian cities and localities, like Klatovy, etc. All the Hebrew schools in the Bohemian Crownlands are German and tools of Germanization. German middle and high schools of Bohemia recruit their students chiefly from the Jewish population. Everywhere the Jews are the main pillars and supports of the Schulverein, whole Jewish communities being members of that organization (e. g. that of Jičín, and others). In recognition of these services in the cause of Germanization, the Schulverein supports Hebrew schools, which are all German and in which many Bohemian children are yearly Germanized. On this matter we shall quote the German journal, *Mittelstrasse*, for January, 1893. It says: "In agreeing to support Hebrew schools, the Schulverein has laid down one condition, namely: that children of other religious denominations shall be admitted to those institutions. However, as these small Jewish schools are mostly located in Bohemian towns, they will have to receive non-Jewish, chiefly Bohemian children, and must Germanize them."

It is likewise interesting to note the process by which sectarian Hebrew schools have gradually been changed into public common schools which are, of course. German. In 1874 the members of the Hebrew Teachers' Association in Bohemia petitioned the Diet, to grant them the privileges of public school teachers, and asked also, that Jewish schools be changed into public schools, whenever they shall have the requisite number of pupils, and that children of other creeds be allowed to attend them. The joint report of the Land Committee and the School Board in reference to that petition says (as published in 1876):

"In all Hebrew schools in Bohemia instruction is imparted in the German language. In German counties the German public schools are open to children of other denominations, and there is accordingly no reason, why sectarian schools should be granted any privileges at the expense of the tax-payers.

"In Bohemian counties, however, Hebrew schools are being established not for sectarian reasons only, but chiefly because the Hebrew citizens feel the necessity to give their children an opportunity to learn German.

"As soon as, in a Bohemian school district, the number of Hebrew pupils (on a five year average) exceeds 40, the private Hebrew school takes the place of public common schools."

Thus the Hebrew schools in Bohemian counties, which now began to be converted into German public schools, became the pioneers of Germanization. In the districts with mixed or German population Jewish capitalists have declared war upon everything Bohemian, they corrupt or mislead public opinion by bribing venal journalists, they terrorize Bohemian workmen and others dependant on them. Every new factory established in the North or Northeast by German or Jewish capital is a new fortress of Germanization. The factories of the Schmitts, Fränkels, Seumes and others are forts, covering the operating base of our enemies, bent upon conquest of Bohemian territory. It is really suprising to see the Jews as faithful allies to the German nationalists who are, at the same, time the most rabid antisemites! Among the Bohemian people the antisemitic craze has comparatively very few adherents; the Bohemians have always treated the Jews fairly and the Jews know it. Yet instead of profiting thereby they continue to provoke their neighbors. Still we hope they will see, before it is too late, where the danger lies and who are their true friends.

MR. POULTNEY BIGELOW IN BOHEMIA.

The fame of Mr. Poultney Bigelow rests chiefly on his having been a fellow student of the present emperor of Germany. Now and then he will paddle his own canoe and sail down some prominent European river. He is an aristocrat, and for that reason eschews rivers of minor importance. In the summer of 1893 Mr. Bigelow visited Bohemia, sailing down the Moldau from Budweis to Prague, and perhaps further still. He is known as a good talker and never forgets to tell the public of his experiences. The incidents of his journey to Bohemia he narrates in the September number of the London *Pall Mall Magazine*, in an article entitled "Paddles and Politics." However, it is chiefly paddles. We have extracted what little there is of politics and present the same, with annotations, to our readers whom it may interest, perhaps, as Mr. Bigelow is—or pretends to be—an American. He seems to have had his eye on two things only, viz. Chauvinism and home rule, which he dreads like pestilence. Note his words:

"Bohemia is now also in home rule hysteria, and Bohemian home rulers are courting Russian sympathy, as Ireland once appealed to France; for the Tcheck is a Slav, as is the Irishman a Celt, and is not blood thicker than water?"

Mr. Bigelow talks of home rule as it were a dangerous disease. It will appear strange to those who don't know him. Strange was also his method of searching after truth in this matter. Says he:

"There is only one way of learning the truth in regard to a matter like this—attack it with a paddle; so, in the first week of May, 1893 I launched my canoe, *Caribee II.*, at Budweis, on the Moldau, bent upon political inquiry. . .

"In travelling a strange country the main object is of course, to make notes of things seen, and consequently to avoid so far as possible drawing to oneself the attention of the natives. This object is achieved by canoe travel in a manner almost unique . . Many years of paddling in many waters confirmed me in this view, and to such as desire light on home rule in general, if not in Ireland, I commend a paddle down the Moldau from Budweis to its mouth. They may not have exactly the same experience, but they will no doubt find ample confirmation for all I state here.

"On the eve of my departure I went to the inclosure of the German Club, whose committee had kindly made *Caribee* their guest. I asked a member if he thought it quite safe to leave the boat exposed there over night.

"Why not?" answered my German friend. "*No Tcheck is allowed in here!*"

"Later I chattered with a Tcheck shopkeeper, who had provided me with methylated spirits, and asked him if I ran any danger in leaving my boat unhoused.

"You need have no fear as regard the Tchecks—*we are all honest*; but as for the Germans—" and here he shrugged his shoulders.

"However, I found *Caribee* unharmed, when I came to her about five o'clock of my May morning; and, for that matter, on this cruise, which lasted a month, I was never robbed of the smallest triffle. But I repeat such an anecdote to show, how far race antipathy can cloud men's judgment."

We do not hesitate to declare this "anecdote" to

be fiction pure and simple. While there may exist some bitter feelings of enmity among the students and politicians of the two nationalities, it is not true, that racial hatred would go so far, as to bring forth like instances of groundless supicions of dishonesty. In the country districts of Bohemia racial hatred is hardly known. The writer's parents have, in years gone by, entertained German travelers with the same hospitality, as they would their own countrymen. Whom the Bohemians hate is their Austrian oppresors—not the German people. On the other hand, it is only fair to acknowledge the readiness, with which the Germans of the Tyrol, for instance, recognized the justice of Bohemia's claim for home rule in 1871.

The idea of Mr. Bigelow, that all he was to do in order to "learn the truth" in regard to Bohemian politics, was to paddle his canoe and sail down the Moldau, is extremely ridiculous. Mr. Bigelow cannot of course, be taken seriously, else he would know, that the true course for him would have been first to become acquainted with the Bohemian language and the history of the country, and then to go among the people whom he wanted to study and live with them. Mr. Bigelow, however, does not know even the Bohemian alphabet.

In his endeavors to be witty at any cost, Mr. Bigelow sometimes sacrifices the gentleman for the wit, as when he represents the Bohemians and Germans as suspecting one another of being thieves. Considerable space is given in his narrative to the well known legend of the alleged saint, John of Nepomuk. He says:

"Of the scenery there is little to say, beyond that it is monotonously beautiful and wild. The Moldau between Budweis and Prague suggests the parts of the Danube where the mountains come down close to the stream, as at the Iron Gates. I was also reminded of the Saquenay, in Lower Canada. At nearly every corner there was an image of a Roman Catholic saint called Nepomuk—whom the country folk regard as the protector of rivers, as bringing rain and strengthening bridges, and also as protecting private character against slander. His image, in iron, or wood, or stone, has greeted me in all my canoe wanderings down Roman Catholic streams, and it is safe to say, that his is the most popular name in Bohemia. In Prague there is a stone image of him on the principal bridge, and when I arrived there, this image was being surrounded by a very gaudy superstructure, and many electric lamps. The 16th of May is his anniversary, when thousands of pilgrims come from all parts of the two empires to do him reverence and contribute to the tavern keepers' profits. The legend in regard to Nepomuk is that he was flung from this bridge, because he refused to divulge the secrets of the confessional, and that he floated for several days on the Moldau with five stars circling about his head.

"The story was invented and vigorously circulated by the Jesuits, not merely to make the confessional popular, but to efface, so far as possible, the memory of Bohemia's great reformer, John Hus, who was burned at the stake for protesting against papal abuses.

"The popularity of John Hus four hundred years ago was quite as great as that of John Nepomuk today. The Protestant John had images erected to him at all cross-roads and bridges; not that he specially protected them, but that at such points the most people passed. For many years after his martyrdom Bohemia celebrated the day of his death as a national holiday. Little by little, however, persecution thinned the ranks of the Protestants, and little by little the statue of John Hus made way for that of John Nepomuk. The change was very small, sometimes consisting merely in placing stars about the head of the Protestant reformer, and chiselling a new name at the base of the monument. And thus the people of Bohemia have forgotten(?) John Hus, who for their sake laid down his life (in 1415), and now worship another John, invented for them and canonised by the Pope under the title of St. John Nepomuk.

"Whenever the raft came to a Nepomuk, Kaspar and Massek bared their heads, made the sign of the cross and mumbled a prayer for protection. Neither one had ever heard of John Hus and both would have been scandalized had I told them, what I am writing now.

"I regret to say that no Tcheck of evil mind cut me adrift in the dead of night and pushed me ont into the whirling current. Not only did none of these happen to me, but not even once was I disturbed in my journey down this otherwise savage stream. Had the good people known, how little sympathy I had with their ambition to boycot the German tongue, or had they suspected my lack of faith in the alleged St. John Nepomuk, who knows but even my gentle Massek, or Captain Kaspar might have thought it a pious deed, to rid the world of such a one as my heretic self."

We can assure the gentleman that his fears were groundless. Mr. Bigelow prudently refrained from telling his two companions what he really thought of St. John of Nepomuk, yet he would have escaped unharmed, if he had had the courage to speak his opinion. The people of Bohemia have *not* forgotten John Hus—within a few years they will erect, at Prague, a magnificent statue of the great reformer, and to this day his memory is fresh in the hearts of all true Bohemians.

"*Caribee* reached Prague; and went on thence down into the Elbe, past Dresden and Meisen, to the famous old fortress of Forgau. That, however, belongs to another chapter, for with me "Paddles and Politics" belong together, and the Moldau was interesting to me, not merely for its rugged mountains and its rocky stream; but because it trans-sectcd that part of Bohemia which is the most violently (?) opposed to the German tongue and most frantically bent upon Home Rule under Tcheck auspices.

"In Prague I was on the battle ground ofthis question—in fact, I ran more danger of my life there, than in the rapids of the upper river. During my visit the legislative body was in session; and on the particular day when I accepted the invitation of a member to be present, the chamber was converted into a battle-field, suggestive of an Irish debating society. Members threw inkstands at one another, broke off the legs of chairs and used them as clubs, made the air hot with abusive epithets, and dispersed only when breath was exhausted."

While we are aware of the fact that the meetings of the Diet have at times been considerably noisy—such things happen even in that august body, our own Congress—still we have never heard of any scene of such disorder as is described here by the aristocratic traveler.

"*Caribee* was the guest of the Rowing Club Regatta", which has sixty-five members, a comfortable club house, a dozen good boats, and every evidence of prosperity. Their boat-builder made an excellent job of my damaged canoe, and their committee furnished me one more shining example of the cordial hospitality, which German rowing men invariably extend to foreigners who pass their float. I might go further and add, that in the midst of a public sentiment, that tolerated the most unsparing abuse of one race by the other, amongst the oarsmen of this club, I never heard a disparing word uttered in regard to the rival club, in which were only Tchecks. The wholesome influence of manly sport was at work here, mitigating the bitterness of this war of races, and teaching fair play at least on the water.

"As Prague has its Tcheck Rowing Club to set off its German one, so it has two universities and its two theatres, the one attended only by Germans, the other only by Tchecks. So also are the cafés, restaurants and hotels distinguished; and woe to the man of one race, who inadvertently stumbles into a beer saloon, where the guests are of another! Each young man of the German Rowing Club had a tale to tell of how Tchecks would assault inoffensive Germans if they caught them at a disadvantage."

That is sheer nonsense. If the Bohemians were so rabid, they would have exterminated all Germans in Prague long ago, their being but one thousand odd Germans to three hundred thousand Bohemians in Prague.

"Some Germans regarded the future as gloomy, others as bright. To-day the Tcheck language is undoubtedly gaining ground, and at the present rate of progress it is easy to see that soon no language but Tcheck will be known in Bohemia."

While this prophecy of Mr. Bigelow may have an air of probability, the Bohemians themselves do not believe it, neither do they seek any like object. They do not seek to oppress their German neighbors, but simply to enjoy equal rights with them. They do not want to see their own rights trampled upon by the German minority. And that is all.

"I talked with the leaders of the German party in the local parliament, and with one of the leading professors in the Tcheck University. The one thought it damnable that a Tcheck mob (!) should be allowed to drive out of the country every element which represented education, thrift, capital and progress (?). The Tcheck professor, on the other hand, thought it quite natural, that Germans should be made to learn Tcheck, and recognise the Tcheck as the ruler of the country. This professor took me to an excellent performance of a Mascagni opera. The libretto was Tcheck, in the audience was no one but Tcheck, all the signs and notices about the building were in Tcheck."

Is there anything strange in that? In London the theatre is English; in Paris, French; in Milan, Italian; in Bohemian Prague it is naturally Bohemian or Tcheck as Mr. Bigelow spells the word Čech.

"The performance was excellent in every way; and within a stones throw was a German performance, equally well produced, to an audience of Germans and in a building where not a word of Tcheck would be tolerated." It is not so bad. On the contrary, Bohemian is as often heard at the German theatre as German is at the Chekh. The theatrical enthusiasts of the two nationalities are always curious to see what the neighbors have to show.

Mr. Poultney Bigelow's dislike of Home Rule appears to be particularly strong:

"The home Rule fever will rage as long as the Austro-Hungarian Government continues to treat the Tchecks in a fast and loose manner. So soon, however, as Bohemians are given to understand, in a manner unmistakeable, that session is treason and that dis-union is rebellion, there will be an end of the Home Rule craze in Bohemia. Forty years ago the stranger travelling accross Bohemia from Berlin to Vienna noticed no difference of the language on the way. To-day he is made aware of the Tcheck tongue, not because the peasant speaks it, but because it is of-

fensively (?) thrust upon him by officials of the country. Austria, with a good humour quite phenomenal, tolerates in one of her states a persistent pretention at independence which no state of the United States (!) would dream of aspiring to. The Home Rule craze in Bohemia has gone so far, that impartial observers cooly speculate, as to whether the Tcheck troops, in the event of war would fight for their own Emperor, or the Czar of all the Slavs."

This is mighty fine, indeed. We have seen many tragicomical figures, but none so strikingly original, as the one here presented, an American advising the emperor of Austria to apply the whip with greater stress to the wicked homerule backs of his Bohemian subjects! All this talk of Mr. Bigelow about the Home Rule "craze" is really sickening. It shows that the learned gentleman knows little or nothing of the fundamental laws of Austro-Hungary, the demands of the Bohemian home-rulers, and the autonomy of our states, when he speaks of Bohemian pretensions at independence "which no state of the United States would dream of aspiring to. "The demands of the Bohemian homerulers, as formulated in the Fundamental Articles, contemplate a political status of Bohemia, analogous to that of Hungary; limited independence with a great many things reserved for the common parliament. Yet Mr. Bigelow is pleased to designate the aspirations of Bohemia as "secession, treason and rebellion." Was it not secession, treason, etc. in the case of Hungary? The two cases are exactly alike, and the two countries were in the same position when they were united under the Hapsburg scepter. And even if Bohemia should demand a measure of independence more complete than that of our American states—as she no doubt will—would that be any wonder? Bohemia is a historical sovereign state—whereas of all our states none has ever been independent before its incorporation with the United States, (with the only exception of Texas).

We do not understand what Mr. Bigelow means by the "fast and loose manner" in which the Austro-Hungarian government is said to treat the Chekhs, neither do we see any "phenomenal humor" in any recent action of that government, such as the taking away of the jury trials for a year, sentencing innocent young Bohemians to terms of ten years and more of imprisonment for alleged treasonable speeches, etc. The Austrian government will hardly accept Mr. Bigelow's advice, to see treason in session—it has keener eyes, it sees treason in meaningless words.

An aristocratic dude as he is, Mr. Poultney Bigelow is more of a tory than an American. It is no wonder then, that he is so much afraid of that dreadful monster, Home Rule, which he complacently calls a "hysteria", "fever", and "craze". A man of his kind cannot be expected to have any sympathy for a Bohemian peasant though he may enjoy his hospitality.

FARMER KRAKORA.

From the Bohemian of Václav Beneš-Třebízský.

"Farmer Krákora will preach to-morrow!"

The news spread rapidly, one Saturday evening, along the right bank of the Moldanu, about the villages of Husinec, Klecánky, Větrušice, Řež and Klecany, just like the mayor's gavel*) when it is sent from house to house, from farm to farm, from hut to hut. Such was the case, whenever the word was passed around, that farmer Krákora would preach. It was at that time that many signs indicative of the people's dissatisfaction began to appear. God alone knows who had thrown fire into the ashes that had long been cold. The people could not understand, why they should work for the lords first and for themselves afterwards, and that particularly in those parts of the country, where war, pestilence and persecution had not completely eradicated the memory of better times.

Farmer Krákora was widely known as a preacher.

Under his white skull he kept the whole bible, not being obliged to resort to postillas or printed books of sermons. Neither was he trained in the art of preaching; his conclusions he formed himself, and to be sure they were as powerful as thunder, so to say; he was no receiver of persons, and his conclusions at times burned like glow-iron, and at times were as cold as ice, they were almost unsparing but truthful.

From his sermons the listeners would go home in silence, with their heads bent low; they would not say "he knows his business," but they felt his words deeply and that was what fettered their tongues. However, the next day all the jails of the manor would be full of prisoners, because the people would purposely sleep too long and refuse to perform the *robota*,** unless arrested by the musketeers.

Farmer Krákora used to preach from a huge rock over the river. To this day the people of Větrušice call that rock a "pulpit".

The lords had for years allowed Krákora to go on in his work unmolested. Once in a long time they would even attend his sermon, and they would smile while he was heaping censure upon their heads. This year, however, they treated him with more severity. They would not attend his sermons, and if on Monday any one of his audience came late to work, he fared ill. They had twice forbiden him to preach, three times he had been imprisoned for four weeks in a cellar; but Krákora was firm, more unyielding than his "pulpit", and never omitted to preach on Sunday. When they told him that preaching was reserved for the priests and the real pulpits in the churches, he smiled bitterly; yet he never said what he thought on like occasion.

*In Bohemian villages, in former times, mayor's proclamations were usually affixed to his gavel and thus passed from house to house.

**Robota means 'forced labor'. For three days in a week the peasant had to work for his lord. The story is laid in the 19th century. The robota was abolished in 1848.

And this Saturday Krákora's home was visited by two musketeers carrying heavy chains. For whom? The people of the village knew well.

"Where is your father?" they inquired of Krákora's daughter.

"He is gone, gentlemen."

"Where is he gone to?"

"God alone knows, gentlemen."

"It's mighty good luck for him that he's gone."

"I shall pray for him, gentlemen."

"And if he comes back and tries to preach to morrow, he won't get down to the 'Amen' because we have built for him a brand-new gallows in the castle. Just tell him if he comes."

The musketeers went away cursing and swearing. They walked like mighty lords, with rusty sabers by their sides and rusty halberds over their shoulders, a crowd of boys accompanied them.

Krákora's daughter put on a linen handkerchief and went to see the gallows where her father was to be hung tomorrow. Really—the musketeers had spoken the truth—there was the new gallows, about two fathoms high, with a rope thrown over the cross bar. It stood in front of the castle, looking into the windows.

Tears gathered in the young maiden's eyes, her feet trembled, and Lenka had to go home. She tightened the handkerchief, and as she was stepping over the door sill, farmer Krákora was already sitting at the table.

"Where have you been, my dear?" the old gray haired father inquired in a low voice, so similar to the sound of the waters of the Vltava when they attempt to pass over huge masses of ice.

"The musketeers have been searching for you, papa."

"Where do you say you have been to?"

"They said if you would try to preach to morrow, that you won't say 'Amen'. They have built a new gallows—there it stands in front of the castle, and the rope is new, too."

"Don't you hear, Lenka? Where have you been?"

"I've been to see that gallows, papa. They said it was built for you and they would hang you first with that new rope."

"You are a good child, a good child, my daughter!" farmer Krákora murmured. "But we will have to get ready for to-morrow. Do you hear? You too, Lenka."

"Ah, father, will you speak to those people?

"To be sure I will."

"Have you not heard that they would hang you?"

"No, they will not."

"They said they would bring soldiers from Kostelec."

"The soldiers will go back again.—Did you hear I wanted to get ready for to-morrow. Get me the bible."

Lenka brought the book from a shelf, wiped off the dust and handed it to her father.

Krákora read different pages selected at random; it seemed as if he were repeating something in his mind. Everything seemed to him as familiar as if he had read it but a moment ago. This year, however, he had not opened that book, though he had already preached three sermons; still for to-morrow he wanted to be well prepared. He opened the book of proverbs and for the fourth time he read: "As a roaring lion and a ranging bear: so is a wicked ruler over the poor people."

Whenever he read this verse, there would always play a derisive smile around his thin lips; now as he read it the fourth time he turned to his daughter and said: "And if they should hang me?"

"They would have to hang me too," his daughter spoke firmly after a moment's hesitation, as if the cold North were breathing from her lips, and ice, not fire, were in her eyes.

Krákora's eye returned again to that verse in the proverbs; a thought as sudden as a lightning on a January evening flashed up in his mind.

"Why, my friends would not allow them to approach me. Hundreds of men will be around me, this year they carry iron-bound clubs, the blood in their veins is coursing faster, and ancient Bohemian honor, my daughter, is returning to their heads, ancient strength, to their hands, and courage, to their hearts. God be praised! It is a great many years that all these their faculties have been slumbering. Two generations have passed away, the third alone is worthy to be spoken of. Men of the two last generations were hare hearted, blood in their veins was as slow as water in a creek on a hot day, memory has fled from their heads, and a nightmare lay on their breasts. And their hands were weak, because they suffered from hunger—do you hear, the farmers were hungry!—Their soul, too, was hungry, and there was no one to feed it. If they would read a book, they had to do so at night. They would close the shutters, take the book out of its secret abode in the wall, and look out if no one be listening, before the father would start to read.—So it was, my child."

Farmer Krákora heard some steps from without, and paused.

"Good evening, uncle Krákora! God bless you! It looks as if you were not in," spoke neighbor Švejda in one breath, and sat down on a bench at the window without waiting to be asked.

Krákora returned the greeting and welcomed the guest, though he was not particularly pleased with the visit.

"You'll have a pleasant day for your sermon. Over Klecany the sky is as red as blood."

"Yes, a pleasant day, uncle Švejda!"

"They say the lords will try to stop your speech; but they shall see! Everybody wants to hear how you will condemn them. Give it to them hot, uncle Krákora. You know well how to do it. I think you should have been a priest."

"Hum!—a priest!" murmured farmer Krákora.

"They could not then forbid you to preach."

Farmer Krákora originally was expected to become a priest. While he was a little Georgie, he liked that calling very much; but when he became a big George he would not even listen to the proposition, and he never regretted his contrary decision.

Krákora followed his thoughts. His clear, penetrating

eye was fastened upon the floor as if he were purposely evading the eyes of his neighbor Švejda.

"After all, you are quite right. You would never have so many people in church, even though you were a bishop, and you would not be allowed to speak as freely even if you were an archbishop. And you would never rise so high.—Say, uncle, I want to tell you this: if they come for you, we shall keep them off, we shall form a solid wall around you and we shall see if anybody dare to break through. They would have to bring here a full regiment of soldiers!"

Krákora raised his head, glanced at Švejda and the daughter and said; "Go, Lenka, shut the doors. It is getting dark." Lenka arose and went to do her duty. She suspected why her father was sending her away, but since her early childhood she had been accustomed to obey to the word without hesitation.

"Here, uncle!" said Krákora. "I have a daughter, you have a son; I have a farm and you have one and we are neighbors. Those two farms might become one, and the two children would be a fine couple. What do you say?"

Farmer Švejda passed his hardened hand over his forehead and rubbed his eyes.

"I will not yield to-morrow. It may be that in a few days Krákora's daughter will be an orphan. And you know well how it goes in such a case, Well?"

"You see everything to dark, uncle."

"And yet—if it should happen so, my friend?" . . . .

"Then Lenka would live with us, but don't think of that uncle Krákora. The lords know how to frighten the peasants. Could you not, perhaps, forbear to preach to-morrow?"

At the words farmer Švejda looked up to Krákora inquisitively.

"Why, did you not say yourself, that they would protect me?"

"To be sure, they will. They will form a wall around you, they will come with clubs, the lords will have to send here a whole regiment. Besides, it can't be borne any longer, to work and drudge for somebody else all the week and for nothing. And you say there is nothing about it in the books?"

"Not a bit. But they have our lives secured in their parchments with imperial seals from Vienna and the signatures of the Land Captain of Prague. However, it is chiefly the officials, that torment and torture us, and those I shall not fear, no matter what may happen. I shall speak pretty plainly tomorrow. And if the lords won't do better, we shall visit them in their castles in crowds. Should anything happen, you will do as agreed, give me your hand!"

Krákora and Švejda shook hands, and Krákora felt relieved. He was now glad, that his neighbor had come.

In a moment Lenka came in.

Farmer Švejda left rather late this time.

When Krákora found himself alone with his daughter, a thought came to his mind, that it perhaps was really wrong for him, to risk his life, simply because the people liked his sermons. He was not seeking glory, it was not his fault that people liked to listen to him; but he wished that the hard hearts of the lords would soften, that they would feel pity on the wretched peasants and not torture them like beasts, and he sought to infuse into those people the feeling of self-confidence, of pride, and the knowledge that the lord's soul and the peasant's soul were of equal value. . . .

"Ah, father, run away, or do not go out to-morrow!" Lenka suddenly exclaimed, coming forward and clasping her hands as in prayer.

"And what have I committed, that you want me to run away, or shut myself up?"

"You haven't done any wrong, father; but you want to preach, and preaching is not worth your head!"

"My child, they would at once say, that I was afraid of the lords, or that I had been bribed. And the lords would laugh at your father, they would say, that Krákora had crowed his last. And the lord's ridicule and the gallows is the same to me."

The farmer "preacher" bent his head, resting it against his palms and—made his last will, mentally.

The darkness of night spread over Větrušice, the omen of an evil day.

And in the lordly castles and manors in the neighborhood there were already camping soldiers of the Brandejs and Kostelec garrisons. The lords had barrels of beer hauled up from the cellars, and from the barrels the soldiers drew courage for the coming morning. It was a real pastime for them, for the Turk had been quiet for a number of years, and the soldiers' wanted exercise. It was lovely sport for them to march against the villagers, hunt up the rebels and "try" the muskets on them.

On Sunday large crowds of people flocked to Větrušice. No one staid at home who was not obliged to stay. The sky was cloudy. It seemed, as if a mist was rising from the Vltava and covering the rocks, in order to protect those crowds. And when it was about three o'clock, then the first tones of a deep voice rang among the rocks, half spoken words died away on the lips of the listners, and the eyes of all were fastened on the man in a farmer's garb, the man of middle stature, heavily built, who stood highest in the rocks, with his head uncovered. It was farmer Krákora.

The people had really formed a wall around him and those who were nearest him, had shaken hands with him.

As was his want, Farmer Krákora first smiled a bitter smile and then began to preach. It was more than human talk! The people scarcely breathed and trembled. They would have listened to him all day and night. Even the Vltava, it seemed, had ceased her murmurings and the waves listened to the strange farmer's sermon.

And as he went on the third time to prove the truth of the words of the Scripture: "As a roaring lion ——— " he was suddenly interrupted by the sudden noise of drums from behind the crowds. The people pressed closer together and the farmer preacher went on thundering.

The drums rattled again, but the noise hardly rose above the mighty voice of Krákora. From the farthermost ranks came cries of amazement: the soldiers were marching with their muskets ready for fire.

"In the name of his grace the emperor and king, I command silence!" yelled the justiciar behind the soldiers, in his shrill voice so like a viper's hissing. The command was lost in the turmoil, and Krákora continued his fierce denunciations of the lords. The crowds pressed by the soldiers had retreated to the very brink of the cliffs.

"In the name of his grace the emperor and king!" yelled the piercing voice a second time.

"Father, my father!" cried Lenka, frightened.

The soldiers marched on with a firm step and the farmers made way as best they could. They no longer formed a wall around Krákora and the soldiers could proceed directly against him.

"There he is! That man there, masters musketeers, that's he!" some Judas' voice informed the soldiers.

Krákora looked at the wretch, and his eye was all fire.

"This rock and the water below would understand me sooner than you!" he thundered. "You are all men of buried honor, with memory blotted out, with hearts of sheep, and I, a fool, I trusted you! Men of your kind deserve heavy blows; they will perhaps awaken in dying and will learn that they could live, but that they did not want to live!"

The soldiers stopped for a moment. It seemed as if they lacked courage to assault that man with gray hair and silvery beard. There he stood unarmed; he even held no club in his hand, and he only had words in his mouth. The silence of a grave prevailed in the crowds around. The peasants had receded far enough to make way for the soldiers and among all those hundreds of men there was not one, who would have stood faithfully by Krákora.

It is true that they liked to listen to his words, because he spoke from his heart and to their hearts, and they agreed with him, because they felt the bitter truth of his words themselves even in their sleep, yet they did not know enough to defend the truth and its champion.

The mist grew thicker, forming figures of fabulous giants on the rocks.

"In the name of the emporor—in the name of our gracious lord, seize the rebel!" commanded the justiciar.

Farmer Krákora was retreating step by step until he passed over the top of the rock, which gradually now became steeper; the wind beaten granite would crumble under his feet, the stones rolling down into the river with a clattering noise.

Krákora's eyes were partly fixed on the gray mist and partly on the soldiers who appeared to follow him with a sense of shame, as if they were afraid to lay hands on him.

"Go ahead! or he'll escape!" the officer commanded again. The soldiers formed two lines and a number of musketeers marched forth.

The "preacher" was still retreating, the eyes of the people being still fixed upon him.

"Father—my father! Will you leave me alone here?" wailed a mournful voice, and a young girl appeared below in the rocks. She tried to reach the summit of the "pulpit", but her foot slipped and she fell down with her forehead bleeding.

A murmur of indignation ran through the crowd, similar to the murmur of the Vltava's waves, when they are beaten by the wind. The soldiers made a threating display of the muskets and the crowd instantly became quiet, as if all those people had been figures of stone and without any hearts.

Farmer Krákora cast a sharp look at the cloudy sky above, as if he were trying to find out how far away from the eternal realms he was, his eyes, it seemed, were moist for a moment, and his lips whispered something. One more step backwards, and the people shivered with horror: farmer Krákora was sinking down in the Vltava, with his hands clasped together and his eye fastened upon the rock where his child lay half-dead.

"And you, rebellious folk, you had better go home, to your dens! And, if any one shall fail to be on time tomorrow, he will be bound and will sit all day in jail!" screamed the justiciar.

And the farmers obeyed to the word, without any remonstration; none would look into his neighbors eyes, or speak to any one, because they were ashamed of their conduct; and when they came home each said a Lord's Prayer for Krákora. Had a bailiff come to any of them and asked for whom they were praying, they would have had sworn by the salvation of their souls, that it was not for the "preacher."

The drums were sounded again and the soldiers marched off to the castle where they received again several barrels of beer, as a reward for their having scared the people for some years to come.

The justiciar had a careful search made in the Vltava for the body of Krákora. The boats went as far as Kralupy, but to no purpose. The justiciar gnashed his teeth in wrath for now he could not hang even the dead body of the farmer "preacher" on the new gallows.

No one thought of the young girl in the rocks.—Late in the evening, however, came Švejda and his wife, carried the girl home and laid her on a bed in a room. Uncle Švejda fulfilled the promise he had made to his dead neighbor, he was all the more willing as Krákora's farm was a large one, adjoining that of Švejda, as if they had been destined to belong to one family.

Five years passed, each of which had been like an Egyptian plague, one more severe than another. The Bohemian people had been reduced to serfdom and suffered. A sufficient number of gallows had been built around every castle and the cities and towns were garrisoned with foreign troops.

No one now dared to mount the 'pulpit.' A young woman was the only visitor of the rock, and lately she would bring a little boy along. They came here every Sunday ever since the boy could walk. The boy would pick up flowers and make a bouquet, which he would throw down into the river—on the grave of his grandfather.

"And why have they buried my grandfather in the water?" he once inquired of his mother, after he had thrown the flowers into the river.

"Because, when the water is clear, he can look up, and from a grave he could not see anything."

"Does he look up to day too?"

"Yes, he does, my darling."

The mother pressed the boy closer to her bosom. A red stripe blushed upon her white forehead. The boy clasped his hands and prayed for his grandfather; the river was calm and the water as transparent as glass, so that he could see well.

"And when you die, we will bury you in the river too, so you may look up and see us!" said the boy, when he had finished his prayer, and in his childish innocence clung the tighter to his mother.

It was Krákora's daughter, and the boy was the grandson of Krákora and uncle Švejda.

The "pulpit" may still be seen in the rocks above the Vltava, near Větrušice, but the Vltava has long carried away all memory of the farmer preacher, and the winds under whose blasts the rocks have considerably decayed, have blown away memories of the sufferings of the past.

A few days ago I stood in the 'pulpit'. It seemed to me as if I heard Krákora thundering in the ears of the people and the lords, and I heard the words: "As a roaring lion and a ranging bear." . . . The Vltava was flowing beneath, and its blushing waves rolled on in broad semi-circles, as if they were preparing for a merry dance. Suddenly a piece of stone broke off under my foot and with a terrible noise rolled down into the river, as if it were going to rouse Krákora from his sleep and tell him, that at least one man has remembered him and rescued him from the depths of oblivion, and that his "pulpit" is breaking and crumbling into dust day by day, year after year.

NEW HISTORY OF BOHEMIA.

"The History of Bohemia" is a literary work published for the first time in English after thorough researches occupying more than half a lifetime by Robert H. Vickers, the American author and close student of historical events.

The volume, numbering some 700 pages, well bound and printed on heavy paper, is put forth by a publishing company of Chicago.

Hitherto Bohemia's history has been an unknown quantity to the English reader, save in fragments, when it linked with that of some neighboring power which perhaps sought to crush Bohemian national life altogether. The book embraces a complete history, as far as authorities extant would warrant, of Bohemia's many trials its struggles to perpetuate national institutions, language and autonomy. Throughout his pages it is obvious that the author has sought to portray facts as they existed and characters as according to the best information obtainable, never showing bias or undue sympathy. Of the wrongs inflicted by covetous monarchs there are several pathetic chapters to arouse the interests of any liberty-loving American, and events are narrated in a manner which makes them strikingly similar to our own early struggles. Mr. Vickers endeavors to trace the history of Slavonians from a period more than 500 years before the beginning of the Christian era, though annals furnish but meager data of that time. Later and more authentic information leads the writer to treat of the epoch when the Slav tribe of the Chekh settled in Bohemia, some time about A. D. 450. Roman, German, French and Bohemian chronicles furnish the data and other material of the subsequent period.

The rise of Bohemia until it assumed a place among nations; its decline and fall following, are all extensively and graphically pictured, and the concluding chapter forms a detailed and true account of that unhappy land's history from 1848 to 1894, showing Bohemians to be possessed of an indomitable spirit of freedom and democracy. The struggle for home rule has been carried on persistently, though Austria, of which Bohemia now forms a component part, has never granted that right.—*Omaha Bee.*

HISTORY OF BOHEMIA.

The exhaustive work of Mr. R. H. Vickers entitled "History of Bohemia," published by the Chas. H. Sergel Publishing Co., of Chicago, is thoroughly appreciated by the people whose past is for the first time disclosed to the English reader. The work has met favorable critism of all the Bohemian papers, and the secretary of the National Committee alone has filled 612 orders to the end of last month. This is encouraging and we trust that we will be able to chronicle the issue of a second addition at no distant day,

This work should not alone be in every public library but also in all educational institutions and before all on the center table of every descendant of the Bohemian people in this country. It should be the pride of every man to know thoroughly the history of the people from which he descended and no man can read the work of Mr. Vickers without just pride that in his veins courses the blood of a people of glorious achievements.

The History is divided into 30 chapters, as follows: 1. Geographical conditions. 2. Early Occupants. First Roman Aggression. 3. Settlement and Political Institutions of the Checks. 4. Bohemia Assumes a Place Among Nations. 5. Division of the German Empire and War With Louis the Pious. 6. Seperation of the Eastern and Western Churches and its relation to Bohemia—War with Germany. 7. Internal Policy of Bohemia. 8. The Great Era of Břetislav. 9. Vratislav—Gregory VII.—Bohemia becomes a kingdom. 10. Clerical Celibacy introduced into Bohemia—First Crusade—Civil War—Education—Great Victory over Germans—Religious Sects. 11. Interference of Barbarossa in Bohemia—Přemysl Otakar I. 12. Wenzel I. Otakar II.—The Tartars.—13. Otakar II. 14. Internal commotions to the death of King John. 16. Reign of Charles IV. 17. The growth of the Hussite Reformation. 18. Council of Constance and Martyrdom of Hus. 19. Period of the Hussite War. 20. Council of Basle. Rise of George Poděbrad. 21. The Decadence of Bohemia. 22. Emperor Maxmilian, Rudolph II., Mathias, Ferdinand II. 23. Bohemia Prostrated and Crushed. 24. Carnival of Devastation and Cruelty in Bohemia. 25. Destruction of Nobility. 26. Waldstein, Carafa, Monks, Jesuits and their Cruelties. 27. The Thirty Years' War continued. 28. Bohemia from 1548 to 1782. 29 Bohemia from 1782 to 1848. 30. Bohemia from 1848 to the present time. Appendix.

The history contains a map of Bohemia and 30 illustrations, as follows: John Hus as frontispiece. Early Bohemian Art. Cosmos. Dean of Prague. Coin of King Wenzl. Seal of Otakar II. Karlstein. Bethlehem Church. Birthplace of Hus. John Žižka. Hussite Weapons. View of Vyšehrad. John Amos Komenský. Joseph Dobrovský. Joseph Šafařik. Joseph Jungmann. John Kolár, Francis L. Celakovský. Charles Havlíček. Francis Palacký. Bohemian National Theatre. The price of the work is $3.50. Orders will be promptly filled by R. V. Miskovský, 1444 South 16th St., Omaha, Neb.

BÍLÁ HORA.

Každý Čech ví dojista o neštěsti, jaké potkalo národ český na Bílé Hoře dne 8. listopadu 1620. Každý ví, že Bilá Hora byla hrobem českého národa po více než dvě stě let a že teprve v polovici tohoto století probudil se ze ztrnutí, v kterež jej Bilá Hora uvrhla. V "Knihovně Americke" počal právě vy házeti historický román z doby té, nazvaný Bilá Hora, aneb Tři leta z třiceti, v kterémž líčen jest tklivě a věrně onen zápas národa českého o svobodu náboženskou a politickou a jeho porážka. "Knihovna Americká" vychází v sešitech 64 stránkových každých čtrnáct dnů a předplatné na celý ročník, totiž 26 sešitů, obnáší pouze $1 00. Historický román tento měl by býti čten a v knihovně každého Čecha a nyní se naskytuje příležitost velmi levně si jej opatřiti. Zaujme totiž asi 16 neb 18 sešitů "Knihovny Americké," tak že bude státi méně nežli jeden dolar. Sešit na ukázku pošle se ochotně zdarma, když se oň požádá pod adresou:

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